

# THE STRANGE CASE OF THE HIPPIE MAFIA

BY JOE ESZTERHAS

"I live for the enforcement of narcotics laws. It used to be in 1961 that if you got a single joint, it made headline news. I'm convinced, and I was at that time, that this was not going to be a passing fad, but that this was going to be a giant sub-culture, and it flat out is."

—Sgt. Neal Purcell, chief of detectives, Laguna Beach Police Department.

They are crouched high in the eucalyptus trees, these hippie-surfer-mafiosi, stolen traffic cop whistles in their mouths, infrared Swiss binoculars to their eyes, on the lookout for The Law. Down in the dense chaparral on the Laguna hills, their German shepherds are ingenious radar devices, diabolically trained to raise yapping hell at the first menacing sniff of enemy gun oil.

Laguna Canyon is their lair, a nearly inaccessible place where they can boil pea-green hash oil and stockload saccharine-sized tabs of Orange Sunshine and X-Mas acid; where their refined Ohaus Triple Beam Scales and Hershey cocoa-cans of Afghan hash are tucked into camouflaged panels alongside gym bags filled with \$100 bills. Their driveways are lined with Land Rovers and Volkswagen campers outfitted with

"dead space" and "trapped" with chopped-out wheel wells where Pyrex bottles of the hash oil they call "greasy kid stuff" have been welded into the frame. They rotate their women, holding perverse waterbed orgies, facing each other nude in contorted lotus positions, passing joints and pipes and body fluids until they collapse, narcotized, to expensive Persian-rugged floors. Their women, naturally, are but dope molls, sources only of ass and money, runaways so despised by their parents they are actually paid to stay away from home.

Caves in the area are arsenals of dangerous drugs, crammed with redwood vaults of million-dollar stashes. Tucked among the lush hills are eight-foot tall marijuana plants and clavis purpea, a ripe LSD fungus that takes a year to culture. There are Vitamin-E bottles in their medicine chests filled with Costa Rican cocaine and Pyrex Labware Instruction Manuals on their dressers. Dope is all around their craftily shack-like homes, although almost impossible to detect—hash inside walnuts, hash oil in shoe polish, butter and pumpkin pies. Sometimes they lick lollipops which are mindfucking candy canes of LSD. The surfboards against their walls have hollowed skags, filled with the finest primo hash available from the Russo-Afghan border.

They wear rings with the single word "LOVE" on them. They carry water pistols, shoulder-holstered sidearms filled with LSD. They operate a "Spy School" in the Adirondacks which trains them to elude even FBI and Interpol capture. They own a roving beat-up school bus which is really a clandestine printing press producing phony passports and Social Security cards. They rent Cadillacs to drive cross-country and wear crew-cut wigs to make their deals. They are "tied into the Mafia and the Weatherman." They have a ruthless upper-echelon which views underlings as "expendable people." They have a Board of Directors chaired from a remote mountaintop in Switzerland. They are experienced enough to know that tin foil triggers secret Customs' liquid crystal detectors and pack their contraband in styrofoam instead. They make millions of dollars a year and are the single biggest source of LSD and hashish in the world.

They are all members of an underground counterculture syndicate, the Brotherhood of Eternal Love, corrupted flower children who once preached the teachings of Jesus Christ, now a cold-blooded family of criminal materialists, a denim Cosa Nostra. Jimi Hendrix was one of their soldiers. Timothy Leary is their Godfather.

That, literally and in detail, is the way the Orange County Grand Jury sees it.

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On Sunday, the 6th of August, 1972, the District Attorney of Orange County, Cecil Hicks, a man of weighty political promise in the State of California, announced he had "broken the back" of the Brotherhood of Eternal Love. The day before, a task force of 200 narcotics agents made a series of lightning-like predawn arrests, acting on 29 indictments handed down by the Orange County Grand Jury. Most of the arrests took place in Laguna Beach, a picture-postcard resort town and a century-old artists colony, a few miles up the Coast Highway from the Western White House and some 30 miles southwest of Disneyland.

Laguna Beach Police Chief Joseph J. Kelly, the former provost-marshal of the Marine Corp's Pendleton and Quantico bases, known as "Old J.J.," announced that his town was "the biggest receiving and distributing center of narcotics in the world."

Forty persons were arrested in all, although the Grand Jury indicted only 29. Hicks explained the eleven extra arrests as "a bonus." The Grand Jury, the District Attorney laughed, "has more work to do."



Illustration by Terry Lamb

Timothy Leary was identified by the District Attorney as "a key figure" of the Brotherhood and was one of those indicted. His bail was set at \$5 million and Hicks said he would demand Leary's extradition from Switzerland. "Leary is personally responsible for destroying more lives than any other human being," Hicks said. "The number of his victims destroyed by drugs and LSD runs literally into the hundreds of thousands."

The investigation, Hicks said, took more than a year, and netted 1.5 million LSD tablets, 2.5 tons of hashish, 30 gallons of "exotic hash oil," \$20,000 in cash, and "innumerable" sets of identification papers. Some of the suspects were arrested at a rundown ranch in Riverside County on barren desert land east of Los Angeles—"Leary's Ranch," Hicks called it—and three suspects were arrested on the Island of Maui in Hawaii.

Money to finance the Brotherhood's "smuggling and dealing" activities, Hicks said, came from a "number of sources and investigators may never be able to pinpoint the actual backers." The smuggling operation, he said, was headed by a "Mr. Big," who "coordinated the traffic." He did not identify Mr. Big, who was still being sought, but referred to the Brotherhood as "the hippie mafia."

On the day after the district attorney's dramatic announcement, through some convenient bureaucratic mixup, Laguna Beach narcotics officer Sgt. Neal Purcell identified the "Mr. Big" whom Cecil Hicks had refused to name. Purcell gave mugshots of Mr. Big to the newspapers. Mr. Big, according to Purcell, was Robert Andrist, 29, a Laguna rug merchant who liked to taunt policemen by smoking cigar-sized joints on the public sidewalks. When Purcell pointed the finger, it caused some belly laughs among Laguna street people. Sure, Bobby Andrist was indeed Mr. Big: He weighed almost 300 pounds and his nickname was "Fat Bobby."

None of it, of course, made much sense to the taxpaying residents of Laguna Beach, whose sun-reddened eyes were gradually becoming accustomed to the glare of the gothic. They suddenly found themselves, now, on the front page of The New York Times, portrayed internationally as some sort of criminal doper's haven. Their own police chief, Old J.J., was saying his little town was more notorious than Marseilles.

It seemed to be "Goony Beach's" season in the red-hot media sun: Just as the Brotherhood headlines ebbed, Laguna made the front page again. In a hospital down on the south side of town, Hopalong Cassidy was dead.

It doesn't look like any Sicilian lair or doper's haven; it is a town rooted in jabberwocky, a page out of *Alice In Wonderland*, worlds away from "the biggest receiving and distributing point of narcotics in the world." Laguna Beach is a village seemingly having little to do with the urban sprawl and free-ways which straight jacket the rest of the state. There are no freeways here. As a matter of fact, there are only two roads leading into town—Laguna Canyon Road and the Pacific Coast Highway.

The ocean is protected by a semi-circle of hills, and the canyon itself is almost a canyon of caves, its sides from base to 1200 feet cut and bored with fine sandstone rock chiseled by nature.

Hyacinth, tulip, and dwarf citrus dot the hills and free-form gardens. Houses from a bygone age, like the Witches' House on Wave Street, make parts of town look like a time-warped monument to serenity. You get to the Witches' House, for example, by crossing over a wash and find gabled roofs of contrasting heights with mullioned windows. The topmost gable peaks 60 feet from the ground.

Laguna's soul is the ocean, the eight and ten and twelve foot surf. Early in the morning, you can hear seals offshore and watch seagulls dive-bomb the beaches in search of spare food. Sandcastle architects spend long hours constructing ornate Moorish marvels to be shattered by the tide. But it is the surf which is the town's bloodstream, the saltfoam and the riptide which exile tourists onto contemplative rocks.

In the past few years, as the little town found itself in pained metamorphosis, as Tim Leary came and so did the provost-marshal from the Marine Corps, as surfers started hanging at places like the Mystic Arts headshop and the smell of grass and patchouli swept over moon-kissed beaches, strange new visitors strayed to Laguna's shores.

Hard-nosed cops were swinging bigger sticks, sunbleached kids were turning onto heavier drugs, and, from the coal-black caves of the Laguna Canyon, green-eyed mountain lions came to the beaches and left karmic clawprints in the sand.

## Waves of Death & Dr. Leary

Timothy Leary came to the beaches in the summer of 1968, a kind of psychedelic anti-Christ who had founded his own church and was fleeing a vicious "oldfogeyism" which had exiled him from the State of New York.

"LSD is a sacrament," he told everyone within earshot in Laguna, "and like every great religion of the past, we seek to find the divinity within and to express this revelation in a life of glorification and worship of God." He called his new church, whose formation he had announced at a press conference at the New York Advertising Club in 1966, The League For Spiritual Discovery.

Leary's every sentence seemed to make headline news and each headline seemed to cause him further problems. He had taught at Harvard, held psychedelic celebrations at the Village Theater in New York and had moved, finally, to a large private estate in the village of Millbrook near Poughkeepsie, New York.

He left Millbrook when police and townspeople started harassing him. He was already facing a possible 30-year prison sentence in Texas and the villagers of Millbrook echoed their town's historian, who wrote a letter to the village newspaper which said: "Leary's attitude will draw drug addicts here and when the money runs out, they will murder, rob and steal to secure funds with which to satisfy their cravings. Then the crime wave will have reached Millbrook." Leary shrugged, closed up the leather, jewelry, pottery, sculpture and carpentry shops on his borrowed estate and left.

He came to Laguna because he liked the town's peaceful and artistic atmosphere and because his new wife, Rosemary, a striking, auburn-haired ex-model, had vacationed on Laguna's

beaches as a teen-ager. As soon as he arrived, of course, he and his wife and his 19-year-old son, John, with hair even longer than his silver-haired father's, were besieged by newsmen and admirers.

News of his League For Spiritual Discovery had spurred dozens of similar cults in all parts of the country. One of these cults was formally born in Laguna Beach on the 26th of October, 1966, just a month after Leary announced the formation of his group in New York, and almost two years before Leary arrived in Laguna Beach. It was called, and incorporated under the laws of the State of California, The Brotherhood of Eternal Love. Its articles of incorporation said:

"The purpose for which this corporation is formed are:

"The specific and primary purposes are to bring the world a greater awareness of God through the teachings of Jesus Christ, Buddha, Ramakrishna, Babaji, Paramahansa Yogananda, Mahatma Gandhi and all true prophets and apostles of God, and to spread the love and wisdom of these great teachers to all men, irrespective of race, color or circumstances.

"The general purposes and powers are to buy, manage, own and hold real and personal property necessary and proper for a place of public worship and carry on educational and charitable work.

"This church recognizes that all obligations are to God, and acknowledges God as its head and all great religious men as the guiding light to faith, love and understanding in all matters.

"Each member shall have the undisturbed right to follow the Word of God according to the dictates of his own conscience under the enlightenment of the Holy Spirit. The following statement of faith, therefore, is not a test, but an expression of the spirit in which this church interprets the Word of God.

"We believe in God, the Father of all mankind in whose love we find purpose and salvation.

"We believe in the brotherhood of man, in the creative quality of the human spirit and in the immortality of the human soul.

"We believe this church to be the earthly instrument of God's will.

"We believe in the sacred right of each individual to commune with God in spirit and in truth as it is empirically revealed to him."

The primary mover behind the Brotherhood of Eternal Love was John Griggs, known to his friends as Farmer John, an intense 26-year-old who shared Leary's beliefs in the psychedelic enlightenment of LSD, grass and hashish. When Timothy Leary and his family arrived in Laguna Beach, Farmer John and the half dozen of his friends who called themselves members of the Brotherhood, treated him as their private heaven-sent prophet.

Leary and his wife and son and Farmer John and his friends spent a lot of time along the beaches, sitting around bonfires and dropping acid, spreading The Word. Since Laguna is a surfer's paradise, there were many young people who heard The Word and turned on.

Leary enjoyed his Laguna stay. He spent long hours in the sun and, as more and more young people adopted alternate life styles, he found himself the guru of the town's burgeoning head colony, a respected elder statesman

wearing bells and beads around his neck who was friendly with everyone, even policemen, and preached Love and Enlightenment to the police chief himself.

Some of the residents, and particularly some of the policemen, were getting nervous. The beaches were filled with longhairs who scared the tourists, a whole Freaktown was building up in the Canyon, and the smell of grass was everywhere. When Leary's war-weary station wagon passed through the center of town, traffic seemed to come to a standstill.

Neal Purcell, a squat, dark-complected man with puffed cheeks and a pencil-thin Gilbert Roland moustache, joined the Laguna Beach Police Department on September 1, 1969. He came from the Newport Beach police force, a town just a few miles from Laguna on the Coast Highway, where he had been assigned to entice and entrap cruising homosexuals hustling the beaches. Purcell was a gung ho, rule-book cop who proselytized among his colleagues about the moral decay of America. He didn't like long hair. He didn't like girls walking around with their tits popping out. He considered marijuana and LSD near the root of a generational corruption. And he could not comprehend why the City of Laguna Beach allowed a man like Timothy Leary to pollute its beaches, infecting the young with that contagious corruption. But while he often voiced these lofty concerns, Neal Purcell was just a beat cop, a rookie on a new police force driving a cruiser and dispensing parking citations.

On the 26th of December, 1968, patrolman Neal Purcell, cruising the Woodland Drive Freaktown area of Laguna Beach, noticed Timothy Leary's station wagon blocking a roadway. He contended that while most people in Laguna knew the station wagon by infamous sight, he didn't know its owner until he checked the man's driver's license. He contended that as he approached the car, Timothy Leary rolled his window down and a cloud of marijuana smoke almost knocked him off his feet. Leary's wife sat next to him and his son, John, was in the back seat.

This, as Neal Purcell would later describe it, is what he saw: "Just prior to my placing him under arrest, I observed John Leary in the back seat on all fours. By that, I mean on his hands and knees, and he was attempting to get over into the front seat, and his father was turning in the seat, trying to push him back, and John kept trying to come over. It reminded me of a dog jumping from the back seat to the front seat, and this continued until the time I approached.

"Now, after I approached and identified myself, John would bring his face up close to the window, make faces at me, bring his hair forward, brush it down in front of his face and then part his hair and peek out with one eyeball and stick his tongue out, making noises with his mouth."

Purcell called for assistance and searched the car.

("If anyone was on his hands and knees like a dog," Leary would say later, "it was Purcell. I thought he was going to lick the floor.")

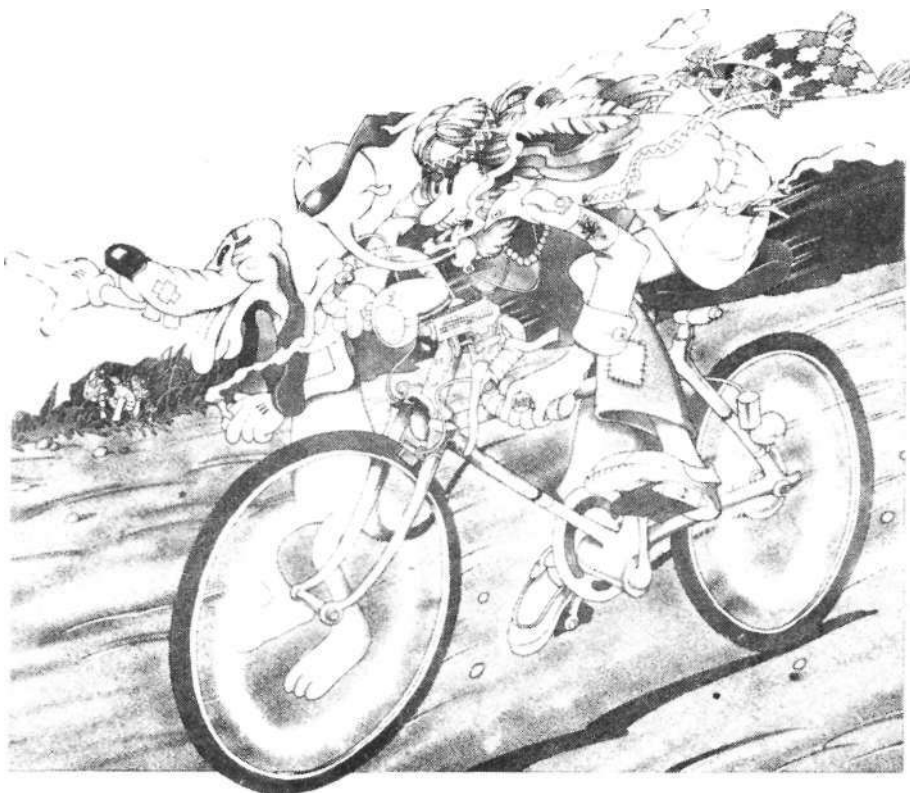
"What did you find?" Leary asked him when the search was over.

Purcell waved two joints in the air. "Big deal," Leary said.

Leary and his family were charged with possession of marijuana and dan-

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gerous drugs and released on \$2,500 bond the next day. But Neal Purcell wasn't through yet.

Two days later, once again on routine traffic patrol, Purcell saw Leary's station wagon pull into a motel driveway on South Coast Highway. Purcell parked his cruiser and waited. Leary came out of the motel minutes later with a rectangular package and two friends. Purcell followed them. Driving north of the Coast Highway, he noticed a burning cigarette being passed back and forth in Leary's car. He thought it was marijuana. He noticed, too, that the tail-lights on Leary's station wagon were faulty. He flicked his cherrytop on, wailed his siren, and tried to pull Leary over. Leary kept driving and Purcell finally pulled him over half a mile away. Purcell saw one of Leary's friends flick the butt away. Once again Purcell thought he would be overcome by the cloud of grass coming from the car.

He was getting ready to arrest Leary for the second time in three days when a police sergeant arrived on the scene and gave Neal Purcell a direct command. The command was not to arrest Leary or search the car. Neal Purcell was angry and told some of his friends that the police chief (Kenneth Huck would soon be replaced by the Marine Corps provost-marshal) was "coddling" the Learys.

Timothy Leary had more than a year's wait until his trial. He spent most of that time in Berkeley, but he spent several months at an isolated ranch off a serpentine road in Idylwild, near Riverside, a ranch owned by his friend, Farmer John Griggs, and the Brotherhood of Eternal Love.

It was way back then, in the early months of 1969, that Neal Purcell, the street cop who had busted the famous Dr. Leary, started investigating the Brotherhood of Eternal Love. He started gumshoeing on his own time, in the days when he had no paid business being a detective, but it was an investigation which, almost four years later, would put Neal Purcell on the front page of The New York Times.

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At the arid base of the Santa Ana Mountains, four miles south of Highway 74 outside Idylwild, Cal., two miles southeast of the Lake Hemet Grocery Store in the dehydrated village of Mountain Center, a dirt road winds past two padlocked fences to a fallow steppe of land. The land contains a one-story wooden frame ranch house spray-painted light yellow, a mobile home trailer, three 12-foot Navajo canvas tepees, and a jutting wooden tower with a fish-shaped windsock. It is a desolate sun-beaten landscape of cactus, mesquite and calcite.

According to a police informant and former Oregon Deputy Sheriff, The

Brotherhood of Eternal Love purchased this particular acreage "because it is high on a flat area and backed up by mountains on the back side, and the front side of it faces miles of open ground. They picked it for this reason: That they wouldn't be spied on and surveillance would be almost impossible." The wooden tower, the informant said, had a strategic function. "Twenty-four hours a day there would be a man up there watching the road and he'd sound an alarm if anybody came."

The purpose of this land, according to police theory, was to provide Brotherhood of Eternal Love members with a combination lamasery-rest home-orgy center. It was the place, police believed, where occult Brotherhood initiations were held, where acid converts got their first liberating doses of holy Orange Sunshine. Timothy Leary came with his family to his friend Farmer John Griggs' ranch after his arrest, and Neal Purcell soon noted a tantalizing piece of police "intelligence" in his file, intelligence he was later to convey to a strategy session of narks: "As a matter of showing the close-knitness of the organization during one party where they all sat around in a circle, they slapped hands and everybody swapped partners. Then everybody held hands in a nude position, astraddle the male counterparts, and had at it. It was approximately at the time that one of the other members was shacking with Rosemary Leary and Leary was shacking with this man's wife. These orgies, sitting in the circle, were quite common."

On the 14th of July, 1969, Dr. Arman Leon Dollinger, Riverside County's pathologist, veteran of more than 6000 autopsies, a skilled body-cavity investigator, was summoned to microscopically examine the beautiful dead body of a 17-year-old girl. She drowned in an opaque pool of water on the Idylwild Ranch. She was Charlene Almeida of Laguna Beach, known to her friends as Dolcino. Timothy Leary tried to give her mouth-to-mouth resuscitation.

Dr. Dollinger found detechial hemorrhages of the serosal surfaces of the lung, bloody mucous in the air passages and the bronchus. The stomach and bladder were distended by gas but empty—the girl hadn't swallowed anything for the past 24 hours. Dr. Dollinger took two blood samples and both samples showed a "significant amount" of LSD in her bloodstream.

That same afternoon, John Hamilton, a crusty Riverside County homicide detective, drove to the Idylwild Ranch. He spoke for more than an hour to Timothy Leary.

"Leary said he didn't know anything about the girl except that they called her Charlie. He said he'd seen her off and on for some time, first in Laguna

Beach. He said she'd been brought to the ranch about ten days before that by his daughter, Susan, and she'd been living with some of the people in the tepees, but the last few days she'd been sleeping on the ground outside. He said he'd heard some of the children hollering and he came outside and someone had pulled her out of the pond. He tried to revive her and then drove four miles and called us."

Hamilton recounted a surreally insensate conversation with Leary in which Leary, standing near the pond where the girl died, said: "There's nothing wrong with drugs; they do more good than harm."

A few weeks after Charlene Almeida's death. Dr. Dollinger and detective Hamilton rushed to the ranch once again. Farmer John Griggs, the man who had informally founded the Brotherhood of Eternal Love, was dead from an overdose. Moments before he collapsed, he told his wife he had taken too much psilocybin, a drug of the mushroom family. The pathologist discovered that Farmer John, whose two-year-old son had collapsed from a mushroom overdose months earlier, had 108 milligrams of psilocybin in his urine.

With the drug-related deaths of two young people within three weeks, many area residents panicked and so did the dozen inhabitants of the tepees and the ranch. They fled, calling Idylwild a "bad scene."

Leary, still facing his Laguna trial, was charged with contributing to the delinquency of the 17-year-old drowning victim, charged with causing her to lead "an idle, dissolute and immoral life" by "threat, command and persuasion."

Some street people in Laguna said that Farmer John's overdose and the temporary abandonment of the Idylwild Ranch, marked the end of any formally organized Brotherhood of Eternal Love. But Neal Purcell, who would be the star witness at Leary's Laguna trial, didn't believe it. The Brotherhood of Eternal Love, he said vociferously, led by Timothy Leary, was directly responsible for Laguna's problems.

Leary went to trial in October of 1969 and was found guilty of possession of marijuana. The judge sentenced him to six months to ten years and called him "an insidious and detrimental influence on society." The courtroom was packed; older Lagunans cheered. Leary's followers carried palm fronds and yellow jonquils and one kid waved a Bible and yelled: "Behold, there is no law in this court. I have testimony here for this court—the word of God."

"Lord God," the kid screamed, "come down, come down."

In September of 1970, Timothy Leary walked away from the California Men's Colony near San Luis Obispo, scaling a ten-foot chain-link fence. Neal Purcell added another piece of "intelligence" to his file. An informer told him, he said, that the Brotherhood of Eternal Love planned and financed the break.

"The Brotherhood had the Weatherman spring him. They paid the Weatherman \$25,000. They were waiting with cars. His clothes were piled into another car by the Weatherman and taken south that day. Leary was taken north under pretty heavy armed guard in another car. The Weatherman were armed and supposedly they would have done you under if you tried to stop them. The passport was waiting, the plane was waiting, and they took him abroad."

By that time, a shuddersome riptide had swept into Laguna Beach. Neal Purcell was a traffic cop no longer. He

was a detective and Old J.J., the Marine Corps provost-marshal, was in charge. A councilman was even suggesting that all the Canyon's caves be dynamited "to clear the longhairs out."

And all because of two actions, both of them, symbolically, on national holidays: The Christmas Invasion and the Fourth of July Insurrection.

## The Burning of Laguna Beach

In the days before Christmas of 1970, phosphorescent-rainbowed posters circulated in the State of California and as far east as the Alleghenies inviting "all wise beings" to Laguna Beach on Christmas Day "to celebrate the birth of Jesus Christ."

The posters promised a fun-filled nativity, with cosmic light shows and celestial music and advised travelers to "bring musical instruments and plenty of food." The posters were signed: The Brotherhood of Eternal Love.

Police Chief Kenneth Huck, a good-natured moderate who wanted his men to wear navy-blue blazers instead of police uniforms, didn't consider the proposed love-fest too much to worry about. Huck viewed the Brotherhood as a loose-knit, informal group of young people without formal leadership or felonious intent. His biggest worry was a possible paralyzing traffic jam.

But City Councilman Ed Lorr, a bluff, fiery-eyed right-winger, talked about a "shameless orgy" and "left-wing revolutionaries intent on burning our town." Ed Lorr was elected to office thanks to Laguna's political demographics—4,974 Republicans compared to 2,919 Democrats—and was well known for his blow-hard rhetoric. "A woman's place is in the kitchen," Ed Lorr said, "not in politics." And: "Women do not have the nervous system to serve on committees." And: "If we want to get rid of this hippie problem, we ought to go on up to the Canyon and dynamite their caves." And: "You look at one of these longhairs and it reminds you of a gunsel in the Capone mob."

Big Ed's attitude reflected the furious crosscurrents of Laguna Beach. Gooneyland, suddenly the gathering place of barefooted hippies and Leary-lovers, was traditionally proud of its artists and its sleepy hollow pace. Ice-cream socials, bridge parties and the American Legion's Potluck Dinner were always well-attended. The Patience Wright Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution was still hyperactive. At the same time, long-haired artists like Skip Richardson, a scrimshaw wizard who etched bucolic scenes on whale ivory, found the town a profitable place. The high-school football team, even, was called the Laguna Beach Artists.

But now the town was divided not only by cultural but also by local political issues. Some people felt city council and the city's bigwigs were interested only in suckering more and more tourists, building cyclopean motels, hustling fresh money, and thereby ruining Laguna's treasured tranquillity and uglifying its harmonious vibe. Others like Ed Lorr felt the town was threatened not by new business, but by the long-haired hordes who crowded the beaches, headshops and bars and frightened away too many fat wallets.

When Ed Lorr heard about the Christmas Day love-fest, he thought the hippies were trying to close down his town. Paranoid crowd estimates fevered the bridge-party grapevine—thirty or forty thousand hippies, ads

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in the L.A. Free Press, Laguna as the West Coast Woodstock. When he talked to Chief Huck and the chief didn't seem adequately perturbed, Lorr took his case to the people, telling everyone something had to be done, command decisions had to be made "to save Laguna."

As the kids started trucking to Laguna the rainy week before Christmas, Chief Huck suffered a mysterious "respiratory collapse" and removed himself from authority. There were those who whispered that the council had put too much pressure on the police chief, strong-arming him to take a big-stick stand, and he simply decided it would be wise to duck the line of fire. The council, led by Lorr, sort of deputized itself and called in a posse of policemen from all over the state.

The kids came in record numbers and Chief Huck's worst expectation was confirmed: traffic jammed up all over town. A 50-by-30-foot platform was erected, as well as a helicopter landing pad. It was not a rock festival, although there was some unexciting music, and the fest was highlighted by the appearance of General Hershey Bar, a whey-faced war critic who showed up in military burlesque and distributed pornographic cartoons of Selective Service Director Hershey cornholing Uncle Sam and Uncle Sam cornholing God. Some of the organizers got on horseback to monitor the crowds and, after police roadblocks stopped new visitors, one kid leaped out of a plane and parachuted to the site. There was a lot of grass and a lot of acid, but the hospitals reported no serious casualties. When the festival ended, a crew of kids went back to the site and cleaned it up.

One of the organizers, a serious young woman who has lived in Laguna most of her life, said: "There was no real organization. The Brotherhood was more a vibe than a group. It symbolized love, understanding and dope, and it symbolized freak power in Laguna Beach. So a bunch of us got together and called ourselves members of the Brotherhood and had the posters done. It was that simple."

But even though Christmas Day ended without traumatic damage, Ed Lorr held a New Year's press conference and announced that "hard-core revolutionaries intended to provoke a confrontation between hippies and police, start a riot and burn down the town." Lorr said he was making his statement to allay any feeling that the council had "encouraged the hippies." "This was a drug festival," he said, "attended for the most part by youngsters turned loose by irresponsible parents." "Young people," Lorr said, "were turned into freaks and subjected to degradations of mind and body."

"This council knew in advance that

the city would be invaded by unknown numbers of hippies," Lorr said. "And there was no conceivable way to prevent it. Hard information from our police revealed that SDS members were in town."

The long-haired influx and Lorr's saber-rattling, along with the hovering image of Leary and acid death, freaked the town. The depth of feeling was apparent when the Mystic Arts headshop, a "drug haven" according to Lorr, burned to the ground during a heated council race where three councilmen ran and won on a platform which the editor of the Laguna Daily Pilot characterized as "drive the dirty drug-crazed hippies out of town."

The Brotherhood tried another love-fest the following Easter to bemoan the crucifixion and celebrate the resurrection of Jesus Christ, but the happening, this time in Death Valley, was blocked by rattlesnakes, scorpions, and bone-chilling night-desert cold.

In Laguna Beach, meanwhile, now governed by the 3-2 anti-hippie council majority, City Hall was undergoing an "evacuation." A lot of city officials, uncomfortable with the tactics of witch hunt and police harassment, were leaving town. Police Chief Huck, the Daily Pilot said, left for "an area more receptive to his progressive ideas of law enforcement." So did the city manager, the city attorney, the finance director and the city treasurer.

The council was considering a number of "urgency resolutions" like banning singing in the streets and on the beaches, prohibiting long-haired young people from renting motel rooms. At the same time, the police department initiated a "crackdown on hippie housing" and "hippie loiterers" who dared to stand in one spot on a public sidewalk for more than two minutes.

The crackdown was to climax on the Fourth of July, when the Laguna Beach Police Department, led by Neal Purcell, attacked the residents of Freaktown.

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Woodland Drive, out in the Laguna Canyon, is about a mile from the beach and twists into another meandering road called Victory Walk. It consists of four streets in a single-block area, a makeshift colony of some 50 funky and anti-suburban homes, most of them adorned with megalithic peace symbols, grinning Buddhas, and yellowed posters of Timothy Leary and Che Guevara. Laguna Beach's Freaktown butts a hill that rises several hundred feet and is thick with flora, thistle and crag. One of the homes on Woodland comprises three addresses—237, 245, and 247—and is known to police as "The Red House," "The Leary House," and "The Brotherhood Headquarters."

Detective Sgt. Neal Purcell sits be-

hind his cluttered desk at the Laguna Beach Police Department, his hair spray-netted and dry-look ducktailed, and talks about Freaktown.

"When I first arrived there, and going through that area for the first time in 1968, I found out quickly that it wasn't the conventional-type setting. When you talk about a one-block area with 50 homes on it, you might think that it's, you know, curbs, sidewalks, gutters, fire-hydrants and so on but that's not true.

"There is one streetlight in that whole area, two paved roads approximately 22 feet wide. Off of this are several paths. The paths are only made of dirt and they are only six feet wide and there are houses on both sides of the paths. The surrounding hills are made up of nothing but deep holes, small caves, heavy vegetation and a lot of other dirt paths.

"Now, where I found that the area was different than the other neighborhoods in Laguna Beach is, I quickly found, for the most part, it was young people who lived there. They openly smoked marijuana out in the streets. They openly sold LSD.

"I would find that trying to surveil the area was almost an impossible task. They had what was known as a bicycle patrol made up of many of these people where they would ride bicycles and carry a police-type whistle, and every time they saw someone who looked like a policeman, they would blow the whistle off and the whistle would be heard throughout the colony there, and after a while it sounded like a bunch of crickets in there with those whistles.

"They also had platforms up in the large trees where I have observed on many occasions people standing, some with binoculars, some without, and they also had whistles.

"They had more dogs in that area than I have ever seen in the normal-type block. I was told this several times: That the dogs were trained to smell the gun oil. I didn't believe this at first, but unless a police officer has a certain odor about them—every time we would go in that area, you might manage to get in there and be in there in five minutes, and all of a sudden a dog would sniff you out and then you would have several dogs on you trying to get you out of the area.

"The setting there, I have watched them many times, the people there smoking dope out in the street. I have also found other peculiar things. On the outside there is a frontage road that runs along parallel to Laguna Canyon Road. The road would line up with individuals sitting in their cars and maybe the driver or one individual in the car would be missing. I would sit back in the shadows and watch a car drive up, one individual getting out, go into the area, and he would come back

in about five minutes, and I have made several arrests, into the hundreds, when the person came back they would put on some type of ego trip that they had to show the dope they had just bought from someone inside, and as they would be showing it to their friends in the car, I would walk up and see the dope and place them under arrest."

On the night of July 4th, 1970, the freaks of Woodland were having a block party. Roman candles and firecrackers were exploding everywhere and a high-decibel rock band served as accompaniment. Some 250 people sat around, danced and smoked joints. Police went into the area, claiming they were responding to "noise complaints," and, using a bullhorn, ordered the celebrants to disperse. A kid yelled: "What about the firecrackers in the other parts of town?" but the party ended and two of the police cruisers left the area.

One cruiser stayed behind. Narcotics detective Neal Purcell sat in his car and watched a kid sitting on a stoop smoke a marijuana cigarette. He arrested him. He spreadeagled the kid against a car, handcuffed and frisked him. It was at this point, Purcell claimed, that "a pack of hippies" attacked him with fists and bottles. Purcell issued a 999 call on his police radio: "May Day, officer needs assistance!" Five police agencies responded: 44 policemen, 23 cruisers and the Costa Mesa police helicopter.

The freak Fourth of July suddenly turned into chaos and madness. Purcell set up an emergency command post and directed the assault. Policemen used billy clubs and mace, chasing some kids through houses and into the canyon, which was brightly klieg-lighted by the chopper.

Seventeen persons were arrested, eight of them on narcotics charges. A Vietnam veteran who had lost an eye in combat was maced at point-blank range. Purcell displayed a loaded German Luger which he had found at the scene. He said three bottles had struck his command cruiser. Another police car suffered \$150 damage.

The ACLU filed a protest and accused the police, singling out Purcell, of brutality and over-reaction. Purcell replied: "Drugs are Laguna's biggest problem and they've been the biggest problem ever since I've gotten here."

The former city manager, James Wheaton, issued a report saying that if Purcell had not made his marijuana arrest, "the party atmosphere would probably have continued." The mayor, issuing a separate report, noted there has been "some over-reaction," and quoted a witness who had watched policemen billyclub a girl and drag her by the hair while another grabbed her boyfriend's ponytail and sprayed mace into his face. Purcell replied: "Taking of prisoners by hair-holding is not uncommon."

Neal Purcell was lauded for his "decisive action" by many residents, particularly by councilman Ed Lorr, and soon became his new police chiefs number one gun. Neal Purcell and J.J. Kelly got along just fine. The provost-marshal of Pendleton and Quantico had quite a reputation himself. Old J.J. busted more homosexuals ("fruits") in the Marine Corps than any other cop-commandant and was the first cop in America to train grass-sniffing nark-dogs.

\* \* \*

When 53-year-old J.J. Kelly—father of eight, walking caricature of the Irish cop, founder of the U.S. Marine Corps Military Police School—took over as provost-marshal of Laguna Beach, Neal Purcell finally got his "green

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light" to go after the Brotherhood of Eternal Love.

J.J. got Purcell the most modern electrical snooping gadgets available: a video-tape recorder which would immortalize narcotics transactions; a sensitive two-way Japanese listening device which could be hidden on the body and had a four-mile "ear range." J.J. Kelly blustered the week after he took over that he would not "coddle" drug addicts of any variety. A reporter asked him if he had ever smoked grass and the chief scowled that he had not. "When I was in the Marine Corps," he said, "I was trained to detect the smell. I sat in a room where it was smoked for educational purposes. I thought the smell most unpleasant."

He recalled, too, with swelling pride, that while at Pendleton, he had been the liaison with Secret Servicemen guarding Richard Nixon at nearby San Clemente. He had been invited to meet the President at the Western White House and had been photographed with the President on the golf course. The picture, J.J. Kelly explained, was one of his most treasured possessions—though, lamentably, he could not show it to anyone because Richard Nixon was dressed in his golf clothes and photographers were not allowed to snap the President in Arnold Palmer attire.

Weeks after J.J. Kelly took office, Ed Lorr's council majority passed a series of new statutes at the chiefs' behest. Skateboarding was prohibited; all parade permits were to be personally granted approval by the chief of police; jaywalkers and homosexuals would be vigorously prosecuted.

Shortly afterward, a 16-year-old boy was arrested, frisked, handcuffed and, as his mother watched horrified, taken to jail. The offense? Skateboarding. The skateboard was taken from him and tagged as evidence. Two long-haired 18-year-olds were arrested, handcuffed and jailed for crossing Coast Highway at Cleo Street against the light. They were released the next morning on \$5 bond.

On Labor Day, 1971, Chief Kelly's men, once again led by Neal Purcell, arrested sixteen persons for taking boisterous part in a 50-year-old Laguna tradition, the Walkaround. Each Labor Day in Laguna, the folks mourn the end of summer by walking from bar to bar on the Pacific Coast Highway. This time, when some 100 staggerers reached the Orphanage Bar and couldn't get in because the place was too full, eight plainclothesmen came running across the street in flying wedge formation and ordered the pixilated walkers to disperse. According to Chief Kelly, his men were attacked by these mourning staggerers. The staggerers claimed police beat them with nightsticks and flashlights. An ex-Marine Captain and Vietnam veteran said he was billyclubbed by three policemen and told "You found out what happens to people who argue with policemen." He said he was pressed face-down onto the redhot hood of a police cruiser with an overheated engine and searched. An officer directing traffic held a can of mace and, as the cars passed, raised the can and sprayed the drivers.

Some Laguna natives were getting just a trifle upset. One man got up at a city council meeting and asked when certain other measures would be adopted. Measures like: Mandatory removal of vocal chords of all resident dogs at birth; prohibition of consumption of alcoholic beverages between consenting adults; immediate construction of permanent police barricades at both roads leading into town.

A local columnist proposed another law—conditional use of permits for the building of sandcastles. "No sandcastle may be built if the shape deviates from the established norm for sandcastle construction. A copy of the norm is on file with the chief of police. No castle may be erected to represent anything resembling a phallic symbol. All offensive castle plans will be destroyed by the chief of police."

But J.J. Kelly's most controversial move was the offensive against homosexuals. He set up a "Gay Squad" in a town with one of the largest gay colonies in the state. Heading it was that veteran gay-hunter from Newport Beach, Neal Purcell. Purcell donned a disguise, practiced the art of the limp wrist and wore tight pants to act the part of a Fifty-ish gay roue enticing tourist gays. He was armed with his new two-way Japanese listening device. He arrested several homosexuals, handcuffing them on the beach for making lewd advances. When gays banded together to protest the harassment, Chief Kelly replied: "I do not condone homosexuality." The crackdown had a cruelly hollow irony: Laguna Beach's newest celebrity-resident was Christine Jorgenson, 46, one of the first Americans to change her sex from male to female.

While Neal Purcell dressed up in his gay disguise at nights, he was still investigating The Brotherhood of Eternal Love by day, cracking down on dopers and collecting brutality charges. Purcell raided a Canyon home armed with a warrant suspecting possession of marijuana and found the homeowner swimming in his pool. The owner claimed that while he was still in the pool, Purcell grabbed a metal pole and beat him over the head, then sprayed him with mace as he tried to get out of the water.

When Neal Purcell was beaten into the surf trying to arrest a Marine smoking a joint on the beach, and landed knee-deep in the water, a lot of gays and dopers were openly delighted.

But Neal Purcell was happy too. The man who had begun investigating the Brotherhood of Eternal Love while still a traffic cop had finally struck pay dirt. He had tried, all these years, to garner other agencies' funds and support. He had failed. "Our toughest job," he'd say later, "was selling everyone, including our supervisors, on the idea that an outfit like the Brotherhood, in bare feet and long hair, could actually exist."

Now he had convinced the Bureau of Narcotics Enforcement, Attorney General Evelle J. Younger's infamous raiders. The Bureau of Narcotics Enforcement had a powerful ally, Orange County District Attorney Cecil Hicks, who recruited cooperation of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs.

The District Attorney of Orange County loved it. The Brotherhood was perfect. He had prosecuted bottomless dancers and porno bookstore owners. He had denounced the Supreme Court, sexual freedom, draft dodgers and the President's Commission on Marijuana.

Now freckle-faced Cecil Hicks, who aspired to be Evelle J. Younger's successor as Attorney General of the State of California, drew a bead on his most custom-tailored target: "The hippie mafia."

*In the concluding segment of "The Strange Case of the Hippie Mafia": the investigation shifts to the Middle East; "Mr. Big" lams it to Hawaii; the fighting attorney of Orange County takes on Super Nark; the night of the Big Bust and the strange siege of Disneyland . . . all in the next issue of this publication.*



PART 2

THE STRANGE CASE OF THE  
HIPPIE MAFIA

BY JOE ESZTERHAS

*In the summer of 1968, Timothy Leary fled Millbrook, N.Y., for the quiet coastal town of Laguna Beach, California, and found a few disciples waiting for him. The small group called themselves the Brotherhood of Eternal Love and had established themselves along the lines of Leary's own League For Spiritual Discovery. And soon there were more; young people—mostly surfers—who had heard The Word and turned on. Leary became the respected elder statesman of a burgeoning head colony.*

*Some of the residents, and particularly some of the police, were getting nervous. One patrolman, Neal Purcell, decided to wage a one-man crusade against Leary, and subsequently the Brotherhood as well. Four years later it would put him on the front page of The New York Times.*

*Aided by the most zealous city council since the villagers of Frankenstein scrambled for their torches, Purcell eventually gathered around him a task force of more than 200 narcotics agents bent on destroying the Brotherhood, which had become, in the eyes of the law, an international army of shrewd hippie mafiosi armed with acid-squirting water pistols.*

*The whole incredible saga would culminate on the morning of August 6, 1972, with a series of lightning-like arrests culminating from indictments*

*handed down by the Orange County Grand Jury. Afterwards, county DA Cecil Hicks would announce that he had "broken the back" of the Brotherhood of Love.*

*But first we must digress. . . .*  
\* \* \*

Of Finks and  
Adventurers

A main link in the case against the Brotherhood of Eternal Love is a 34-year-old former Oregon deputy sheriff named Bob Ramsey who swore, under oath, that his own brother-in-law, Glenn Lynd, was "Timothy Leary's Number One Assistant."

Bob Ramsey, who was once a deputized narcotics informer for the Josephine County sheriffs department, claimed that his brother-in-law trusted him intimately, as a member of the family, and spilled his innermost secrets "whenever he got high." He said he was revealing the details of these "intimate conversations" because of a heart-felt concern about "everybody going to the dogs." He said his brother-in-law had gone to the dogs and he denied Glenn Lynd's claim that Bob Ramsey was doing his best to put him behind bars because Bob owed him several thousand dollars he couldn't pay.

Bob Ramsey traced the Brotherhood

of Eternal Love's trail to 1957, when Glenn Lynd was 15 years old. "I was maybe 18 or 19 and Glenn was about 15 when I met his sister. He was running around just like a school kid and I started going around with his sister. Then we got married and got a place over in Anaheim. I was working for General Motors and Glenn started hanging around with a fairly fast bunch of kids. He came to me at GM one time—I guess he had already been smoking marijuana—he had picked it up somewhere. He came to me one time when I got off work and asked me to buy some for him. And I said—I don't know where I could get any.' And then I remembered a guy at GM that had pretty good contacts with people and I introduced Glenn to him. He was from East Los Angeles and Glenn got to be friends with him and went to Los Angeles and started buying marijuana and reselling it. Then Glenn kind of drifted off by himself.

"And he appeared maybe three years later when he was growing his hair a little longer and trying to grow a mustache, and then he came up to me one day and told me that he had tried something. It was different and strange and I asked him what it was and he said it was a substance known as LSD. He said it enlightened his mind and gave him an insight on things. And I

asked him: Like what? And he said: Jesus or God. This was around 1960.

"Then he kind of drifted off again. He'd take off and go places and come back and then be gone again. He had been running around with a group that I didn't know, and finally he came back and said these other people he was running around with, they could see God too, and that all their lives, thoughts and feelings were the same, that they should form a family or group that could live together.

"Then, in 1962, he was becoming heavier and heavier involved in the acid and he went to their meetings, and some of these people, the group he was in—it wasn't actually formed yet—had listened to Leary speak and Leary was speaking on the use of LSD and Glenn was talking to Leary all the time. Then he drifted off again.

"He came back around 1965, somewhere around there, and he had kind of whiskers then and his hair was getting down on his back a little bit—never on his back, but on his shoulders—and his clothes were the hippie type. They were dirty and his shirt had patches on it and stuff like this. Then he said they were talking about forming this family and also forming a kind of business where they could sell beads, leather goods, and other stuff the hippies would be interested in. And he said these



Illustration by Terry Lamb

people had the same feeling he did—they wanted to do this, the same people he had been with over two or three years, these were still the same people with him now.

"Then I saw him later and he told me that they had their shop going and it was really good. Well, he went on to explain to me that the name of his—or, their name, he told me it was not only him, but these other people behind him at that time—he still didn't tell me any names yet, but the people living in the family, the group, or this religious cult, had formed this business, and he said the name of the shop was the Mystic Arts. He told me also that they had formed their own religious group at this time, and he said: 'We'll start our own religion' and it would be based on LSD and it would be called the Brotherhood of Eternal Love.

"They were going to sell stuff here, all types of stuff here pertaining to the heavies or the hippies, and with this money, they were going to buy land where they could go out and do their own thing. At that time he didn't call it a commune—but this church would finance this because the hippies were becoming very strong at that time, they were coming on pretty good.

"Well, he kept asking me to come down to this Mystic Arts shop. I finally went down there and went in, and Glenn was there and he showed me around and they did have quite a place there. They had one area that was all leather, one was all tapestry and what have you. They had hash pipes and everything like this. Well, then he took me to the back. They had a back room behind there where people stayed. They sat around and they had a large hooka there, and he said that the heads come in and out of there, or the hippies or the heavies and the good friends, and sit in the back room and smoke a little dope, you know, and get relaxed and buy what they need and then leave.

"Now this hashish, you know, you can, by smoking enough of it, it just puts a person down. Later in years I have seen, with these people, that where they have smoked it, they couldn't even get up. They would just lay—it takes years of practice to become a real good hash smoker, your lungs have to develop so you don't choke or cough or throw up, and I have seen people smoke this and just lay on the ground and not even move. It would be a big problem just to smile.

"Well, I didn't have any more contact with Glenn for a while. Just every now and then I would see him and hear of him and in mid-'67, I moved to Oregon and was up there about six months when Glenn showed up. It was probably around September of '67, and just one day in the morning he came driving up and he had this Volkswagen bus, a brand new one, and he had the beard and everything like this. He had his wife and his two kids with him.

"I told him it was a nice-looking Volkswagen bus there he had and he said—'Yeah, it is. I bought it while I was in Germany. A friend and I were over there.' The bus was the expensive kind, where on the inside you make a camper, and it had a stove you fold up, bunks, and it had electrical heating, and it was a very expensive vehicle. One thing I noticed about it, it had oversized tires on it, tremendously large tires in the back, and I seen that the side of the wheel well on both back sides were cut out. I said—'Glenn, what

did you mess up a vehicle like that for? He just laughed about it and he said—'I get better traction on it.' And I said—'Come on, Glenn, you didn't cut it up for that.' And he said—'I'll show you' and he took me around to the back of the vehicle and showed me back up under the tires, and there was a real wide place which was a false bottom put in under this Volkswagen on both sides, and he had to take a torch and take that piece off, because when they bought this bus, they drove it across Europe and one Soviet-held country and ended up in Afghanistan, and at that time he said they loaded it up with hash over there.

He said he got the hash in Afghanistan, through these two brothers. He only talked about these two brothers; they controlled the whole town in Afghanistan. They controlled everything. They were the wealthiest men in the city and the hashish market was theirs and they also controlled the law in that town. He told me that in the beginning he just bumped into these guys, he was over there for the Mystic Arts, the head shop, and he went over there to India and Pakistan and some of these countries looking for tapestries and silverware and brassware and stuff. He was over there and buying that stuff, and he happened to come through this town, and it's a custom over there to smoke hash when you are making a deal of any kind.

"So Glenn said they got up one morning fairly early, took three donkeys and got up to a place that was kind of like a plateau or a terrace. It looked like corn had been planted there the way it was laid out in rows, with the exception that these plants, some would reach a height of 18 or 20 feet in height, and the stalks would be as big around as your wrist.

"Glenn decided then that he was going to buy his stuff standing, and he said there was acres and acres of this stuff growing. So he stayed there while the stuff was harvested. By hanging it upside down, all the resin in the plant would run to the head. It would dry out and then they would take sticks and beat this plant until the pollen would fall on this plastic and all the pollen is the hashish.

"Well, you couldn't ship it like that because it was just powder, so they would ask, 'Do you want animal fat, vegetable oil, or water mixed with it to pack it?' And then you would pick what form you wanted it in—soles, slabs, or if you were going to smuggle it in some other form, say, in vases or dishes, whatever shape you wanted. I know one guy that had some vases made and painted, and they were pure hashish, and it came through customs as pottery, and they would just bust it and sell it then.

"So after Glenn got the stuff he went back downtown in Afghanistan to see these brothers who got the stuff for him, and their names were Hyatullah and Amanullah. And Amanullah told him not to worry about getting the stuff back to the States. He said: 'Just put your car here and we'll take care of everything.' And then the false bottom was put in and the hash was put in and the bus was undercoated. There was no worry about being ripped off by any of the local officials because Amanullah controlled the officials. And he didn't have to worry about any of the checkpoints out of the country because they had all been paid off by the two brothers

and when he got to the port the vehicle was put aboard the boat and there were no problems, papers were waiting, and the vehicle was shipped to the States.

"Then, after a while, Glenn started telling me all kinds of things about the Brotherhood, about the dodges they used to beat the law. Like the names, for instance. The names are real important—like, one person would have three names. At a given time these three people would pick one of those three names; they would do three different jobs at one time—meaning one guy would take off for San Diego, one for Oregon, and one for New York with loads of hash. All right, one climbs out in New York and he's using the name Christopher Leake. Yet another Christopher Leake was in San Diego with a load, and the two agencies would get to arguing, and then a third organization would get into the act saying there was another Christopher Leake in another place. All they know is three different people, three different areas got a load that day; Christopher Leake brought it in and they don't know nothing about it. They run the record back and go to a town that doesn't exist in Utah. They have a driver's license and it comes up at the Department of Motor Vehicles, a dead end.

"Glenn told me that the Brotherhood has its own moving identification system. It's still in existence the last time we knew. This is a bus with the windows painted and at any one time the Brotherhood knows where this bus is. They contact this bus—it's on the move—and need a birth certificate printed up right away, a social security card, or if you have to leave the country, a passport is available, but they take the birth certificate and the social security card and take it to the Motor Vehicle Department in the state they are in and get a driver's license to match this person, even though there is no such person.

"Another thing he said was that the Brotherhood had strict orders not to use anything over a hundred dollar bill, because it would attract attention. The hundred dollar bill was very familiar in California. So it would be 10s, 20s, or 100s. The fives they didn't use too much because it was too bulky."

Sgt. Neal Purcell must have liked Bob Ramsey's description of the "brains" behind the Brotherhood of Eternal Love.

"Timothy Leary was their god," Ramsey said, "their god and Glenn's god. So at the time a lot of the stuff that Glenn did, the plans he had—Leary taught them how to watch people and what to do and how to be different so people wouldn't look at you. A lot of plans laid for the smuggling came from Leary ..."

"Leary kept telling them: 'Don't be like the everyday rumdums.'"

Neal Purcell and the Orange County Grand Jury, naturally, accepted Bob Ramsey's every word. Even when Bob Ramsey horrified the jurors by saying he had often watched Brotherhood members snort so much cocaine that "their eyes bled."

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In May of 1971, Patrick Brennan, 23, who intends to devote his life to the study of cancer and viral disease, was arrested for possession of seven and a half kilos of marijuana. "When you get busted," he'd say later, "you try to talk the cops into believing you can lead them to something bigger if they go easy

on you." He was arrested because two others, also arrested for possession, told police Pat Brennan was a heavy dealer. The two who snitched got a break. After his own arrest, Pat Brennan told police he could lead them to something bigger. If, of course, he got a break. Like what? the cops asked. Like the Brotherhood of Eternal Love, he said. The cancer scholar got his break and immediately implicated his best friend.

"I'd have to start around 1966 with Danny Caserta, a guy I grew up with. We continually went surfing together and he was always in some sort of drug activity, and, as it went, everyone moved into the Newport-Laguna vicinity and became what we called brothers. At that time, Timothy Leary and Ken Kesey and several other people had got the publicity, had started this new turned-on era of people, and so everybody sort of decided to protect one another and call each other the Brotherhood of Love and use the same attorneys and keep it a secret clan in order to prevent from being busted. So everybody stuck together and knew one another from taking drugs. The main drug was LSD and to be a member of the Brotherhood, you had to be with several persons and usually take a very large dose of LSD.

"Well, I was in school most of the time and they could see that, you know, I didn't want to take that many drugs because they could see maybe a future in me helping them by going to school in chemistry. So I was sort of not into taking drugs, say every other day or every week which most of them did.

"For example, Danny always asked me questions about buffing LSD and what would be the most stable solution to put it in and at what temperature would it degrade, and I was always a friend and I would always give them helpful advice. I can remember on several occasions at Danny's places, one of the Brotherhood places, maybe there would be usually five to ten people, we would take maybe a large dose of LSD and go up to the Ortega Hot Springs and spend the night there, and, you know, supposedly have a spiritual enlightenment and become better brothers, things like that. And my observation is that there was some enlightenment. If everybody wants to say they are brothers and hold maybe their hands and believe they are really seeing God or being more spiritual, that can happen.

"So finally they asked me to help synthesize LSD from lysergic acid. On several occasions they had the lysergic acid and they wanted somebody to furnish the place to do it, make several grams of LSD. Well, I never had the time to do that. They did ask me to make a drug called DMT and on several occasions I did do that. On several occasions Danny Caserta asked me to drop out of school for a while and become another Owsley. Right now the Brotherhood is obtaining their LSD from their own manufacturer. There is also another way of getting it. They grow the lysergic acid from a fungus, and it takes maybe a good year to culture—it's a ripe fungus and they can obtain that through underground ways, and then get someone like myself to do the final steps. And they manufacture it at a very lost cost. Of course, it's buffed out first, which means it is diluted with something like lactose. They're tabbed into saccharine-sized pills, usually orange, which is where the Orange Sunshine stuff comes from because it is known to be very potent. I remember

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Danny Caserta with gloves on one time, surgical gloves, and he was jokingly dosing—or he had capsules—small number five gelatin capsules, and he was buffing it with lactose. Most of it was being distributed through his Brotherhood friends in Laguna Beach and that's all I know. It could have gone all over the United States.

"I got busted because two of the Brotherhood guys snitched on me. They called me at work and told me that, you know, being I'm a brother of them they wanted this marijuana and had to have it there right away. I could get it easily because being a part of the Brotherhood, there are several people I could call and get it within a few hours. I paid \$130 a kilo for it and they were going to pay me, you know, whenever they could. And they were setting me up all the time, working for the cops after they'd been busted. I didn't know they'd been arrested or I'd never have talked to them because you don't deal with anybody, even if they're in the Brotherhood, after they've been arrested.

"They're not dealing in acid that heavily anymore. I know because I used to get these postcards from Danny Caserta from Afghanistan and I heard he was into hash oil, that they were doing most of their operating in hash oil."

The way Patrick Brennan told it, Brotherhood members got the red carpet treatment whenever they went to Afghanistan and were the guests of two brothers who owned half the country. It was shortly after Brennan took his revenge on the "brothers" who had betrayed him that Laguna Beach detective Neal Purcell requested permission to travel to Afghanistan—before it was discovered that one of those two mysterious Afghan brothers was a long-time employee of the American Embassy.

## From Afghanistan to Disneyland

Most of Afghanistan's top-quality hashish crop grows near the Afghan-Pakistan border. It is a no man's land without the legal jurisdiction of either government, and tribesmen are left to govern themselves. Neither Afghan nor Pak police enter because too many macheted corpses have been sent back to police stations. A lot of hippies go there seeking their cheap highs and many of them never return. In January 1972, four French hippies were decapitated. Two desert tribesmen had invited them into their homes and figured they could become heroes of Islam by butchering four infidels. So they mutilated the hippies with gleaming Bedouin swords.

It was this no man's land at which federal agent Terence Burke arrived while investigating the Brotherhood of Eternal Love. "We find bodies of western kids in the desert all the time," he said, "and nobody ever knows who killed them and no one knows about it. The bodies just rot in the sun."

Terence Burke's Federal Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs identification card number is 107, which

puts him a single digit away from James Bond. Suave and swashbuckling, a CIA veteran fluent in Pustun and Farse, he once served as an undercover courier smuggling hashish from India to the United States and then joined the German Interpol to bust the smugglers.

Agent Burke identified the "overlords" of the No Man's Land hashish fields as those two mysterious Kabul brothers, Hyatullah and Amanullah Tokhi. Hyatullah ran a hotel and rug shop in Kabul and Amanullah worked for six years as the maintenance supervisor of the American Embassy. He quit the job in October of 1971 when, agent Burke said, "he started disappearing from work and then showed up with gold rings and expensive suits rather than in his very simple Afghan clothes." According to Terence Burke, the Tokhis were one of the biggest dealers of hashish in the Middle East, yet he would admit later that he never even visited their rug shop "where all the deals were made." Why not? "Because I didn't think it was important."

The brothers were dealing in hash oil, Burke said, "now the hottest new commodity on the international market. It is a distillation of hash where they use 180 proof alcohol in boiling it down and then come up with what they refer to as the essence of hashish. Your normal hashish has a THC [tetrahydrocannabinol]—which is the basic ingredient of the marijuana plant—content of between eight and 12 percent, and the liquid hashish oil has a THC count of 58 percent. A tiny drop onto a regular filter cigarette can knock you out."

The factories where the oil was distilled, Burke said, were also run by Hyatullah and Amanullah Tokhi. "The main cooker is a house behind a place called the Arina Hotel in Kabul. On one occasion I was watching this house, it is surrounded by a 15-foot-high wall, and I was on top of the wall one night, just outside one of the rooms and I practically got knocked off the wall from the smoke coming out of the window.

"I finally convinced the Afghan police that we should go in there and there were some Americans in there I had been informed were members of the Brotherhood. It was a large house and a very fine house by Afghan standards, and was very well furnished by expensive carpets—no other furniture, just carpets and pillows. Upstairs, it was divided into several bedrooms and in the first bedroom that was searched was a fairly large quantity of hashish, both in bulk and in pollen form.

"There was one room which was locked, and in this room, after the door was removed, we found what was—what looked like a still, an old Kentucky still. There was a large container that had 25 gallons of liquid hash. There were two 25 gallon Sears pressure cookers, and they were connected by tubes with heating implements.

"The whole operation was run by the Tokhi Brothers. After they got the stuff out of the factory, then whoever wanted to take the stuff back to the United States would leave their vehicle with Hyatullah. The most popular vehicles are the Volkswagen vans. There are also some Mercedes vans, and then in a few cases we have just seen normal sedan-type vehicles. The vehicle is left with Hyatullah and he sees to the placement of either the traps or the loads and sealing of the hash. The business had been so good for Hyatullah that when you take your vehicle to him and leave it with him, that you might have to wait several days because there is a long backlog of vans waiting to be serviced."

Working with German members of Interpol assigned to monitor Afghan hash heading for Hamburg, Burke convinced the Afghan police, who like to ignore hashish smuggling, to bust Hyatullah Tokhi. "Well, we got him arrested, and it was because of these Ger-

man police advisers, his hashish dealings were getting so flagrant, and on the basis of this he was arrested, his Mercedes 280 was seized, as well as a large supply of hashish. However, he was released about three hours later. Now the Afghan police director general doesn't know if he is going to be director very long, all evidence has disappeared, and the charges have been dropped."

If agent 107, the CIA counterinsurgency expert, couldn't get Hyatullah Tokhi arrested, Laguna Beach's Neal Purcell still wanted to give it a try.

The Tokhi Brothers took a trip and left their tribal desert friends. They came to Orange County, to Disneyland and Lion Country Safari, where the Brotherhood of Eternal Love's alleged "Mr. Big," Fat Bobby Andrist, showed them the sights of Frontier and Fantasyland.

\* \* \*  
Hovering high over Disneyland, directly above a funhouse filled with mirrors and plastic goblins, was a Huey-model police helicopter that made a lot of noise. Narcotics agents from Laguna Beach, the Bureau of Narcotics Enforcement and the Federal Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs, rode merry-go-rounds armed with miniature cameras, videotape machines and Japanese listening devices. The Tokhi Brothers were surrounded by narks.

On the way to Orange County, Hyatullah and Amanullah Tokhi stopped in Hawaii, delivering rugs to a place called Far Out Imports, which police concluded was a Brotherhood front. They were greeted at the airport by customs agent Jerry Snyder: "They said they were major suppliers of rugs and were there to give a guy hints and went there to assist him in selling the rugs at a better price. They said they were bringing about 90 meters of rugs, or sixty rugs, on consignment to this Far Out Imports. They were very friendly and acted like nothing was up. They said they were going on to Los Angeles to see Disneyland."

When Sgt. Neal Purcell heard the notorious Tokhis were headed for Disneyland, he coordinated his forces with the State Bureau of Narcotics Enforcement and a BNE agent watched as Fat Bobby Andrist drove them from the airport to the Holiday Inn in Anaheim. "At approximately 11:20," BNE agent Kenneth Newton said, "I noticed Bobby Andrist talking to Hyatullah and Amanullah Tokhi. Ten minutes after this, they got into a station wagon and drove to the Disneyland Hotel. They went to the desk where Andrist registered these Tokhi Brothers. We took pictures of them there. After the registration process was completed, they entered the elevator and went up to the rooms.

"There was a guy with them we didn't know and when this guy left, we had an Anaheim policeman pull him over on a routine traffic stop. The policeman looked at this guy's driver's license and in this way we were able to ascertain that this guy was also reported to be a member of the Brotherhood.

"The next day these Tokhi Brothers took the tramway and went into Disneyland. They walked all over Disneyland, inspecting everything and laughing a lot. These Tokhis seemed to be in a very happy mood. Andrist seemed to be very happy, too, because he was laughing right along with them. We were not able to ascertain the cause of this laughter."

The next day, the BNE agent said, the Brothers Tokhi and Fat Bobby Andrist went for another drive—this time through Lion Country Safari. Massive police surveillance was once again summoned. The police helicopter flut-tered above their car and the lions which prowl the grounds.

BNE agent David Genens, who was following them, later told the Orange

County Grand Jury what happened.

Genens: "Well, Andrist had stopped. He had stopped his vehicle. He stopped it several times in the middle of the road. He made U-turns. One time he made a U-turn, and as he was coming back toward me—"

Q—He looked at you?

A—He looked at me.

Q — And what did he do?

A—He raised the middle finger of one of his hands at me.

Q—Pointed it at you in upward motion.

A—Yes, in an upward motion.

Q—You concluded he realized he was being watched?

A—Yes.

The Brothers Tokhi, who had seen the splendors of Disneyland, had eaten their share of hot dogs, and been accompanied everywhere by the clatter of a police helicopter, went back to Afghanistan the next day.

\* \* \*  
Early in 1972, Neal Purcell asked the cooperating agencies for a "summit meeting" to "coordinate intelligence." Purcell asked that the meeting be held at a secret location, preferably away from Southern California. "The Brotherhood has a whole spy network," Purcell said, "and has men on patrol outside the police station. Whenever we go somewhere, Brotherhood members follow us."

The meeting was held at a San Francisco hotel. Participating were local agents from Laguna Beach, Newport Beach and Santa Ana. There were state and federal agents from all over California, customs agents from San Pedro and San Francisco, and sheriffs deputies from Oregon. Among the participants were Bob Ramsey, who would later link his brother-in-law to the Brotherhood in front of the Orange County Grand Jury; and Bay Area BNE agent Robert Luca, an instrumental witness in the controversial case against attorney Michael Metzger, who was busted after he criticized BNE tactics.

The "summit meeting" was tape-recorded and a typed summary of the "intelligence" sent to the participants, "so you'll have notes of the date." A Josephine County sheriff's secretary was assigned to type the summary and told to "keep a good eye on it because if it gets into the wrong hands, they'll know what our information is." Agents were told "to keep the summary in a safe when you get it."

The summary runs 28 single-spaced pages and will be referred to here as The Nark Papers. These are its highlights—(certain names, of persons not indicted, have been changed).

"The meeting started by Neal Purcell filling the group in on the past history of the Brotherhood of Eternal Love. The Brotherhood was started approximately 1963 under the guidance of Timothy Leary in New York. Leary was run out of New York. . . . During 1968 police agencies learned that the group acting under Leary were able to dispose of approximately 500 keys of grass or hash within less than an hour's time. Their attorney, right from the outset in Laguna, has been George Chula, who apparently is the attorney for the group no matter where they are arrested. A special point was made indicating that Chula was on such tight retainer with the group that quite often he beat the arresting officers to the jail on arrest of these subjects.

"There appears to be a new group of people forming there that claim to be the Brotherhood. This is a phony group and as far as intelligence has been able to establish, they are not the real members of the Brotherhood of Eternal Love. The members of the meeting feel that the old Brotherhood of Eternal Love, as we know it, does still exist and is still being controlled by the people that we have been naming, with some new faces, but this is not the young age group that is calling them-

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selves 'the Brotherhood\* at this time.

"From Newport Beach PD comes information that in 1968 a person by the name of Robert Mapes was a financier for the group. He was based out of Newport Beach. Mapes is an AKA; his true name is Jack Pope. Pope is a con man from the area of Arizona and Las Vegas. He was associating very heavily with the Brotherhood people. It appears that the Brotherhood likes to use Oregon, Nevada and Utah identification. It has come up quite often in the past. During a bust in Laguna for hash oil, they found large stacks of blank birth certificates, driver's licenses. In fact one of them dated back to 1898.

"At this time, Mike Barnes of the BNE has put an organizational chart of the Brotherhood, a Flow Chart, on the blackboard which more or less describes the type of action, and the known people involved, along with their placement as to importance on the chart. This chart is now being discussed. The discussion of the chart has included several names that were not on the chart at all and has also caused replacement of other names. The chart has actually been in construction since June 1971 by Mike Barnes, acting with the Laguna people. The chart reflects an M.O. Profile that will be distributed. They have more contacts and involvement. It is Barnes' opinion that for every man on this chart, there are probably at least five men on the street that are not known. The higher the names appear on the chart, the dirtier the people appear. The name Commodore Hodge has come up and it appears he is a Brotherhood fellow traveler.

"Herman Donaldson, the father of one of the Brotherhood members, is now the object of discussion. Donaldson has been an owner of motels in the Anaheim and Disneyland area. He has been connected with running girls in the past. He is suspected of having connections with the Mafia, and also of providing money to the Brotherhood. His attorney goes by the name Luis and is listed as a probable Mafia member.

"A lot of the money for the group comes from girls whose parents just don't want to see them anymore. They pay them large sums of money to stay away from home. The girls, although they supply a lot of money, do not appear on the charts and are seldom mentioned in the Brotherhood circles.

"Now information comes from Ramsey about George Chula, the Brotherhood attorney. Ramsey made special note of the fact that while he was in Chula's office to meet a Brotherhood member, the secretaries in the office did not recognize the member by name. Ramsey overheard them conversing, and one of the secretaries mentioned to the other that had Ramsey referred to the member as Number Four, she would have known what he was talking about. The indication was that members of the Brotherhood were listed by numerical files rather than by names in Chula's office and that when they contacted Chula, all they had to do was give him a number and Chula would know who he was talking to.

Ramsey described Chula as "a gangster type."

"Ramsey said that Chula was on large permanent retainer from the Brotherhood and that he obtained a boat that was given to him by the Brotherhood, a large sailboat in payment for past services.

"Then the discussion turned to Brotherhood front organizations. Business cards are turning up for the Rainbow Surf Shop in Laguna Beach with most members of the Brotherhood now and anytime they turn up, consideration should be given to adding the holder to the Brotherhood file.

"Information is offered about Al Phillips. It is undetermined at this time whether or not there is a link to the Brotherhood with this man, who is an attorney in Van Nuys. However, this attorney was a member of the Owsley defense team. He is described as being an ultra liberal with leftist tendencies.

"The discussion turned to the M.O. of the Brotherhood in pulling their scams. The method of concealing drugs in radiators and undercarriages of vehicles, and the fact that when they are doing business, they get clean shaven, generally rent expensive cars, dress well, leaving no indication that they live normally scroungy lives. At one point, it was mentioned that at a party involving members of the Brotherhood, a bust was about to take place and there was \$1700 on hand from in the residence. Rather than get caught with it, they flushed it down the toilet. This is further indication of how little money means to them.

"Ramsey is filling the group in on the fact that they do not go get a load and then come back and try to sell it. They have all the arrangements made prior to their return, and when they come in, they dump it immediately. There is no waiting around. He has also been queried about connections to the Mafia. He stated that at one time, there was a group called the Businessmen of L.A., that's the way they were referred to, and that Brotherhood members did not like running for these people because they were too sensitive and too rough with their money. They didn't mind if you lost a load but if you lost, somebody would have to pay.

"Information was put out that Fat Bobby is a homosexual. As confirmation of Andrist being a fruit, the information was put out that he has made it with another Brotherhood member several times.

"At this point Mike Barnes seemed quite concerned that hash oil could be used in making pumpkin pie. It is felt that Mike will be checking all pumpkin pies in the next few months.

"Information is being put out now from Southern California authorities that one of the most consistent signs that go along with dopers is that they are non-meat eaters, vegetarians, and when you enter a house they almost without doubt will have a Buddha sitting around someplace. Pictures of India, this sort of thing. The Buddha will often have, in the cupped hands, an offering of grass or hash, or some of them will even lay their hash pipes there.

"Southern California is giving information on canning factories in which they are using tomato cans, sizes up to four pound cans, to pack their hash. They actually have canning factories. Bobby Andrist appears to be involved in this. They indicate that some of the cans will have just the flowering tops in them, this sort of thing. They will just have masking tape labels, indicating they are squash, green beans, vegetables, or peas. This is used to throw the authorities off the track. A large part of the packaging labels will just indicate organic food of one type or another.

"Many of the people coming back from overseas are bringing back Afghan carpets, and although no known method has been discovered for them to use rugs in the transportation of hash

oil, it is possible that they have come up with a method.

"Advice is given that all surfboards coming in from Hawaii should be broken. The indications have been that they do contain hash, however, there are so many surfboards coming into the United States that it is impossible to break them all. Conjecture is prevalent at this time about the fin set up on surfboards. About the skags on these surfboards—whether hash could be fit into them and look like skags. There are grooves in the rear of the surfboard for the skags, and it is possible that hash could be molded to fit these grooves.

Advice is now given about steps to take with the Brotherhood. These steps are not known to the public, lie and every effort should be made to keep them secret. US Customs is saying in this regard that one of the ways they could be of assistance to all agencies, is that if we have information that a subject is out of the country and due to arrive on the West Coast, if the officer will call customs and put out a request, customs will activate their computer system. When the subject comes through customs, he will be searched and his papers can be taken out, and all the papers photographed for intelligence information. Further information along this line: If you find a subject that you have reason to believe is involved in narcotics activity, and he has a passport on him, take the passport number and call it into customs. They can include that in their Soundex System and any time he leaves the country, he will be given special consideration.

"Federal narcotics, that is BNDD, comes forth with the information that they are meeting with some success in working with the IRS's new Narcotics Task Force, which is aimed at hitting drug traffickers financially. They are building case files on these individuals. Repeated attention is called to the fact that any and all available documents, slips of paper of any type that are seized, or available on arrests of any of these people, should be confiscated or copied, or at least the information obtained off them."

One of the secret Nark Papers' most remarkable conclusions was this: "At this time Leary is *not* presently really involved in the upper echelon and not realizing any profit from this group." Remarkable because, when the indictments were announced, District Attorney Cecil Hicks said Leary was the "brains" or "God" behind the hippie mafia, able to travel and live comfortably on smuggling profits.

## License Plates and a Toilet Bowl

District Attorney Cecil Hicks and his assistant, Ed Freeman, seeking their headlined conspiracy indictments against the hippie mafia, had to convince the Orange County Grand Jury of two things: The existence of the Brotherhood of Eternal Love and its conspiratorially felonious intent.

They trotted out various pieces of evidence, some of which, to other observers, bordered on the ridiculous. There was a Brotherhood because the State of California incorporation papers said there was. There was a Brotherhood because there was evidence many of the longhairs referred to each other as "brother." Because a man arrested for possession of marijuana had a letter in his pocket that began, "Dear Brother Fred." Because, during the Christmas Fest in Laguna Beach, posters were seen signed by "The Brotherhood of Eternal Love." Because, at that same fest, hundreds of cards were found with the words: "May the sun shine on your fields and the river flow and the Great Spirit watch over you." Because many of the letters confiscated were decorated with the Om Tao, "a known

Brotherhood symbol." Because almost all the letters between "known Brotherhood members" were signed "love and peace" which an informer said was "the Brotherhood salutation."

There was a Brotherhood, finally, because the informers, like the ex-sheriff who attended the nark summit, Bob Ramsey, said there was—and because several witnesses saw all these longhairs hanging around together, going to the same houses, head shops and health food bars.

Mrs. Jane Davis' testimony, for instance, was crucial. Mrs. Davis is a Laguna Beach housewife who lives on a hill overlooking a house on Monterey Drive. The house was rented by two people informers identified as "known Brotherhood members." Mrs. Davis watched dozens of cars come to this house each night. She was curious and annoyed. The cars made a lot of noise—"One night I was awakened and there were five cars tearing down that street, one right after the other. I thought: There's something going on down there." Mrs. Davis bought a pair of binoculars and each time a car pulled into that driveway, she used her binoculars. She wrote all the license plates down and, after two months, presented the Laguna Beach police with her list of numbers.

Sgt. Neal Purcell raided the home and found quantities of hash oil, hashish and LSD, and, on the "intelligence" provided by his informers, concluded the house was a "Brotherhood drop-off spot."

The District Attorney's Office took Mrs. Davis' license numbers, had them traced, and now had a list of names. Then, in front of the Orange County Grand Jury, the District Attorney read the names to Sgt. Neal Purcell.

Sgt. Neal Purcell established at the start that Bobby Andrist was "a known Brotherhood member: through information provided by Glenn Lynd's brother-in-law, Bob Ramsey. Bobby Andrist used marijuana, smoked it openly in the streets, even tried to convince Sgt. Purcell of its benefits. As a matter of fact, Sgt. Purcell once arrested Bobby Andrist for possession of marijuana, but the case was thrown out of court.

Once he established to the Grand Jury's satisfaction that Bobby Andrist was a member of the Brotherhood and a dope-smoker, he moved on to a list of names, many of them provided by that curious housewife, Mrs. Davis. What followed was almost comic, a master list of guilt by association.

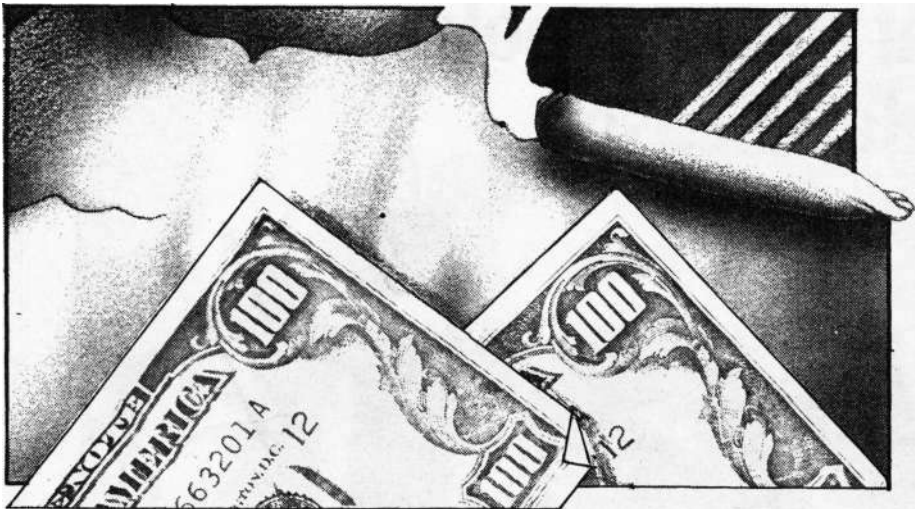
"I have seen Bobby Andrist in the Woodland Drive area from the first day I was there," Neal Purcell said. "I have seen Mr. Andrist with Rick Bevan. I have seen them in and around the area of 237 and 250 Woodland Drive, and I have also seen them in the Mystic Arts together.

"I have seen them with John Gale. I have seen them with James Crittenden in the area of the Mystic Arts and Woodland Drive. I have seen him with Jeffrey Lange. Also, I have seen him with Ellis Wesley Scott. I have seen Glenn Lynd and Andrist together, this was at the Mystic Arts.

"I recall having numerous conversations with, like, Andrist and Gale together, and these individuals were talking about their trip and their philosophies and, you know, why can't we swing their way, where they just openly said dope was their way of life. I have had many discussions with Andrist and Gale, in particular, due to the arrest I made of Dr. Leary, and he was looked up to by them, according to their statements, as their high priest.

"I have discussed the Brotherhood with Andrist and Gale, where they would not come out and say there is actually a Brotherhood, but they would say—'Well, you know, we're all brothers.'"

"I have seen Andrist with Brian McAdams. I have seen Jimmy Otto and  
— Continued on Next Page



Andrist together. I have seen Andrist and Timothy Leary together. I have seen Gerald Padilla and Andrist together. I have seen him with Mark Stanton and James Clay, with Travis Ashbrook, and Gary Allen, with John and Rosemary Leary, with Michael Pooley, with Robert Tierney, with Price Lock, with Michael Randall." The list went on and on.

The District Attorney concluded: "I think the evidence shows that under Timothy Leary's leadership, it has developed into a very sophisticated organization in terms of smuggling." He referred to a movie: "If you have seen *The French Connection*," he said, "you are aware of these things."

The Grand Jury handed down its indictments on the people Purcell named. Neal Purcell, the man who had busted Leary and started the investigation on his own, now provided the link between members.

Everything was ready for the headlines and the bust, a coordinated assault to be launched at six o'clock on the morning of August 5th, a time chosen because "most of these people use a lot of dope and late at night and that early they won't be able to resist."

It was a triangular operation, with its focal points being the Idylwild Ranch, Laguna Beach and the Island of Maui in Hawaii, where Fat Bobby Andrist was reported to be running a hashish canning factory.

The Ranch Bust was led by BNE agent James Smith: "We met at Lake Hemet at four o'clock in the morning," he said, "and after briefing and assigning agents to particular buildings, we proceeded about five o'clock to the ranch. There were about twenty-five officers.

"We had two large vans, a regular four-door sedan and we drove up the dirt road. There were two closed fences, both of which fences were passed through. The fences were locked but the keys were placed nearby. There is a key required by the U.S. Forestry Service to be placed nearby, so we used their key to get in.

"We broke off into predetermined teams, each taking the house or houses assigned to them. We thought we'd find a lot of people but when we got to the ranch, we found, well, four children and nine adults.

"I was in the main ranch house itself. Agent Newton announced his purpose and authority and we made entrance into the house. There was nobody moving. The reason there wasn't anybody moving was because everybody was naked in bed. In a bathroom near the bedroom we found an Ohaus Triple Beam Scale, which is used in the weighing of narcotics prior to sale. We confiscated the scale.

"Then we found a letter. The letter talked about an individual using marijuana. Then we found a letter which talked about not using tin foil for dope at the airports. That's because tin foil will react with the magameter, like guns, and it will set off an alarm and that person will be searched for weapons. Hippies, whether they tip off a magameter or not, are usually search-

ed pretty extensively on flights.

"Then we went up to a small, single-story frame house, and in that dwelling were two individuals we arrested for possession of LSD for sale. We believed it was LSD inasmuch as our office had confiscated LSD contained in cocoa cans, so the discoloration of the LSD is like you would open a can of Hershey's instant cocoa. Then we had tests run on this stuff and the stuff was nonnarcotic and those people were released.

"Then we arrested two people for possession of a small quantity of marijuana and found the caretaker and we arrested him for possession of LSD. In his dresser was a glass jar containing a number of gelatin capsules. But the gelatin capsules were nonnarcotic, they were not LSD. However, we also found a roach clip containing marijuana residue so we didn't have to release him."

While the Idylwild Ranch bust was netting naked bodies and roach clips, Laguna Beach detective Bob Romaine, Neal Purcell's partner ("he's my type of guy," Purcell says), was having even greater problems in Hawaii. Officials in Maui wouldn't even give Bob Romaine a search warrant. Leading the Hawaiian prong of the Brotherhood bust, Romaine selected six addresses, "known Brotherhood hangouts," and asked the Maui district prosecutor for search warrants, claiming the Brotherhood was running canning factories and growing a form of grass called "Maui Wowee!"

The prosecutor turned him down flat. So Bob Romaine, wanting to fulfill his part of the coordinated nark effort, went to those houses anyway on the morning of the fifth of August. He went to each house and he knocked on the door. He said he was looking for a Mr. Robert Andrist. Some of the people in the houses were very polite, asked Romaine inside, but didn't know anything about Bobby Andrist.

in the next four days, thanks to the efforts of a Hawaiian narcotics detective in some high-pressured string-pulling in California, Bob Romaine got his search warrant. He knew which was Bobby Andrist's house, went there, knocked, found no one home and broke in.

He found: a cocaine testing kit legally available from mail-order houses for \$100; a Pyrex labware book—"they haul their hash oil in Pyrex bottles"; a map of Afghanistan; a canning device; a Christmas card saying: "Christmas greetings, wish I could be with you. Om Tao"; a letter that said: "There's a destiny that makes us brothers. None goes his way alone. All that we send into the lives of others comes back into our own." He also found a small bottle of hash oil and a box of Kodak slides, slides which would be dramatically shown to the Orange County Grand Jury, slides showing the smiling faces of Hyatullah and Amanullah Tokhi. But that's all he found. He was going back to Laguna Beach without Fat Bobby Andrist—the "Mr. Big," as Cecil Hicks would call him, of the Brotherhood.

When he appeared before the Orange County Grand Jury, Bob Ro-

maine had to hang his head in shame.

"Now you're going to get Andrist within a week?" the District Attorney said.

"I wish I could say that," Romaine said.

"What promises are you going to make to us? We have taken a lot of time here."

"In the movies," the District Attorney said, "this gets done all the time, the police always get their man."

On the fifth of August, Sgt. Neal Purcell led the Laguna Beach arm of this global bust and went after Jimmy Otto, the owner of Laguna's Sound Spectrum record shop. At the nark summit meeting in San Francisco, agents described the Sound Spectrum as "a Brotherhood front" and said "The first thing that Bobby Andrist does when he gets into town is call Jimmy Otto."

Purcell went to Otto's house at six o'clock in the morning and Otto, a laid-back sort, came groggily to the door and asked: "Who is it?"

"Jimmy Otto?" Purcell asked.

"Yeah, but it's too early."

Purcell identified himself and said he was carrying a Grand Jury indictment and demanded entrance. "I then heard movement," Purcell said, "that led me to think it was going away from the door instead of to the door. I tried the door, which was open, and saw Otto head toward the bathroom. At this time I noticed there was a female near the bathroom.

"I saw Otto extend his right hand out toward the bowl of the toilet, and at this time I observed several cigarettes land in the toilet and outside the bowl and at this time I observed Otto grab the handle of the toilet as though he was going to flush it.

"I was struggling to keep him from flushing the toilet," Purcell said, "and it became necessary to place standard holds on him. At this point the female reached for the toilet bowl and I told her to put her hands on the wall."

Neal Purcell reached inside that toilet bowl and told Jimmy Otto he was under arrest. It was the climax of his personal drama, the fruit of the effort he had started on his own time four years earlier.

It had begun with Timothy Leary and two marijuana cigarettes and inside a toilet bowl. He put his hands into that urine-filled water and retrieved five marijuana cigarettes and the next day he made the front page of The New York Times.

## Eliot Ness Triumphant

On South Broadway Avenue in Santa Ana, a 20-minute drive from Laguna Beach, just down the street from the Schmitz for President Headquarters, George Chula, 48, who came to California from Akron, Ohio, sits with one of his law partners. His partner is an old man with white hair, weathered elfin eyes and the stance of a bantam rooster. The old man is Russell Parsons, who defended Sirhan Sirhan, the man who assassinated Robert F. Kennedy. George Chula is the man who defended Timothy Leary and now represents many alleged members of the Brotherhood of Eternal Love. He was described, at that summit meeting of narks in San Francisco, as "a gangster type." He is a distinguished, graying man whose hair is over his ears and who dresses with dignified flair.

In Orange County's legal circles, he is respected as a tough criminal lawyer who goes all out to win and usually does. He knows Neal Purcell and he goes to parties with Cecil Hicks and, in his den, he displays two pictures above his desk. One is of Timothy Leary, the other of Cecil Hicks. "You've got to protect yourself," he says, "that way I figure I take care of both sides."

The day before, a federal narcotics officer named Strange described

George Chula as "a Brotherhood stooge" and Chula says there are days when he is worried, when he hears from one or another of his friends that some narcotics agent has said: "We're gonna get Chula."

"What you have here," George Chula says about the great Brotherhood conspiracy, "is politics, pure and simple politics. Cecil Hicks gets a chance to hold a press conference and goes on TV and gets on the front page so he can get more votes when he runs for attorney general. Sgt. Purcell gets a chance to justify his own existence, to convince people there is a paramount need for his services and his salary. He'll get promoted and maybe he can get to be a police chief somewhere someday. And all these other agencies, all these guys who get their rocks off busting longhairs, well, now they have this great chance—they can work on the public consciousness and establish a link between long-haired kids and the killers in the Cosa Nostra. They can use the word Mafia. They can reinforce a lot of public prejudices and get Mr. Taxpayer to launch future witch hunts against longhairs. Meanwhile, heroin use is on the rise all over California and you have all of these agencies, all this manpower working day and night against hash oil and grass.

"They can bring Leary's name into it again, of course, and guarantee themselves sure-fire publicity. Politically, Tim Leary is the best thing that ever happened to these guys. They should get down on their knees and thank God Tim Leary ever stepped into Orange County. Now they can talk about Tim Leary running this international syndicate as if he were Lucky Luciano or something. Shit, Leary is no smuggler, he doesn't know anything about profit-oriented criminal activity. The guy is an intellectual. At worst, some people could call him some kind of a crackpot, but to make him look like The Godfather is just too much.

"Then you've got Bobby Andrist. Old Fat Bobby, this Mr. Big. They not only call him Mr. Big but they even malign his masculinity and call him a homosexual. I happen to know that when Bobby Andrist was on Maui, he was living with a very beautiful lady. But these guys feel better if they can convince themselves he's a homosexual. It would really be perfect if they could nail him as a card-carrying member of the Communist Party. Well, let me explain some things about old Fat Bobby. Bobby is one of the world's real characters. I mean, Bobby actually used to walk the goddamn Laguna streets, just about the point they were ready to declare martial law over there, smoking these big fat joints. He was no Mr. Big, he was some crazy Christ-figure trying to redeem the world with grass and trying to convert Purcell even, convert everybody. Now would this big shrewd smuggler act like that? Would he go around town being a walking piece of marijuana half the time? Of course Purcell watched him for a while and finally busted him for grass. Then Purcell really got pissed off because as he was arresting Bobby, some kids who were there stepped on Purcell's hands. Then, if that wasn't enough, the case gets thrown out and Purcell had his hands stepped on for nothing.

"And then you've got me. I'm supposed to be on this hundred thousand-dollar retainer, getting to be a millionaire on all this Brotherhood dope-loot. Well, there are several of these guys I'm representing who don't have any money and can't pay me. After they made their big bust, my biggest battle was to get the bail down. They had colossal bail on them and they would have rotted in jail, they didn't have any big money. Now if they're a big Mafia, would they have to worry about money?

"I represent them for two reasons: One, these guys are good guys. They don't hurt anybody. They don't believe

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in violence. In all of Purcell's busts, I don't think he has found a single fire-arm. Sure, a lot of these guys believe in dope, but a lot of people all over America believe in smoking dope these days. Two: I don't like to see people get screwed. Now a lot of these guys love Laguna Beach. It's their home—like they say, 'the surf is their turf.' So suddenly they are being busted all the time, beaten up, and now they're a part of the Mafia. I just don't like seeing people get shat on.

"Now I'm supposed to have this boat I got from the Brotherhood. It's been described as a yacht by certain people in the DA's office. Let me tell you about my yacht. First of all, it's a little boat that I had for several years and it finally got so beat up that I couldn't keep it in the water because the goddamn thing would sink. So I brought it to this parking lot behind my office and left it there. It got rained on and looked like a piece of garbage.

"Well, Bobby and some of the guys were in here one day, and they spotted the boat. Their eyes lit up. I could see they loved it. They didn't have any money to buy a boat of their own. So I said Take the goddamn boat, fix the holes in it, take care of it, play pirates with it, and I'll use it every now and then. So they fixed it up and used it and had a lot of fun in it—and now I see it's some \$100,000 yacht I got from the hippie mafia.

"I got tied up with Tim Leary when he got busted. He asked around to see who was a good lawyer and somebody recommended him to me and we got to be good friends. He's one of the most dynamic guys I ever met. I met some of his friends in Laguna and when they got busted they came to me. They were always getting into trouble because Purcell was always busting them.

"Purcell has this great ploy. Back in the beginning when he started busting people, he was crude and sloppy. There were search warrant violations and excesses. We had hundreds, literally, hundreds of his cases thrown out. But then he figured out his new trick. He sees these long-haired kids hanging around at places like the Mystic Arts and knows who his targets are. So he waits. Then, if they get arrested for speeding and don't show, or if their dogs bark too much, or if their house looks a little messy, Purcell makes sure he serves the warrant. Now the trick is this; he makes sure to serve these warrants and citations and warnings late at night. He figures that if you're gonna smoke some dope, you'll probably be smoking it around 11 o'clock or midnight, so there he is, with some traffic beef, at midnight. Then he either sees some grass 'in plain view' or he smells it and searches the place.

"You have to understand you're talking about a man who got his reputation busting Tim Leary. He was a nothing cop when he did that; now he virtually runs that department. He got a big reputation. The nark business is like that: You get your scalps and you wear them. Now he claims he's got the long-haired mafia or whatever and he's going to be the Eliot Ness of the nark world. It's not a bad gimmick.

"There is only one basic thing wrong with this whole Brotherhood business. There is no Brotherhood. Sure, there used to be the group that was incorporated in 1966, but when Farmer John died, that was it. What happened is that a whole aura developed around the Brotherhood. Its vibe was perfect—a lot of kids in Laguna kept its image alive by saying they were 'brothers' and holding that Christmas thing. (Now if you're running this international conspiracy, are you going to bring 30,000 of your friends into town and have every cop within a hundred miles there, getting pissed off at you?) The Brotherhood is a concept that appeals to young people. That's all that happened,

"There was another way the whole Brotherhood business developed. Whenever Purcell and his guys made

some bust, they'd ask the guy what he knew about the Brotherhood. The guy knew what the score was: If he cooperated with them, they'd go easy on him. The guys knew damn well there was no Brotherhood, but what the hell? They were put into a position where they had to invent to save their own skins. So they invented their heads off, used real imagination: That's where all this stuff about the Spy School and the Board of Directors comes from.

"The kids on the beach heard all this Brotherhood talk and it got to be a game. Kids started hearing about this mystical Brotherhood and they were going around showing off and saying they were members. They could claim to belong to something that had allure and romance. It was like being in a hip fraternity. The narks took it from there: all that stuff about kids calling each other 'brother' proving there was an organization. Well, how many young people go around giving each other the power shake, calling each other 'brother,' and signing 'Love and Peace' on their letters."

The narks and the DA did a very devious thing. They took a lot of busts, many of which were done a long time ago, many of which had already gone to court, and they resurrected them now by calling it a conspiracy. This way they could say they recovered all this dope and make it look like it came off one bust, instead of about 30 over a period of a year. Let me give you an example: They got a guy who tried to bring some hash in from Canada in a camper. The bust is made about a year ago and the case goes to court. Now, suddenly, that bust is a part of the Brotherhood conspiracy and Cecil Hicks, a year after the bust, can talk about it in his press conference. Now why in hell, if there's a great conspiracy, didn't they bring it up at the guy's trial originally?

"To make a great case of the Brotherhood is kind of like taking a lot of black crimes and a lot of crimes, say, committed by Catholics, and saying the whole thing is a black and Catholic conspiracy organized by the ghost of Dr. Martin Luther King and by Pope Paul VI working in league with the Knights of Columbus. They did the same thing here, except that they got a lot of longhairs and put Tim Leary in the pope's place and had a board of directors acting as the Vatican."

George Chula laughs: "Ahhh," he says, "life never changes in Orange County."

Russell Parsons, who hasn't said much all this time, growls: "I've defended a lot of clients in my time, Communists and policemen and labor officials and company presidents and I represented Sirhan, who killed the man who probably would have been the President of the United States."

Russell Parsons is silent a moment, flicking through the memorized scrapbook of his 70 years, and then he says:

"I represented Sirhan Sirhan, but there is no way, not on the pain of eternal damnation, that I would represent these, these"—he spits the word—"narks."

They are scattered over California, these shaggy-headed alleged conspirators, some of them, like their cherubic *capo* Fat Bobby Andrist, still on the loose, still out somewhere in the camouflaged hinterland, maybe lighting up with illegal smiles even as they read this. The grapevine says Fat Bobby was stoned when he heard Bob Romaine was on Maui looking for him, then he giggled like a mush-head for hours, and that, the next day, he got a haircut but left his beard and, disguised as a rabbi, he flew right back to L.A. International Airport.

There is a nark dragnet out for him, of course, because it is clear now, Neal Purcell made an embarrassing mistake when he leaked the mug shot to the Daily Pilot. Even the FBI is smarter than that: The bureau never puts a man on its Top Ten wanted list unless there is a reasonable chance of almost im-

mediate capture and resultant press praise. So Fat Bobby, it is said, is rolling his cigar-sized joints in a tiny California farm town, reading the newspapers and, since he is an Edgar Rice Burroughs freak, the adventures of Tarzan.

Cecil Hicks and Neal Purcell, meanwhile, are sticking to their guns, saying they will get convictions and the convictions will prove the "righteousness" of their cause, while George Chula laughs. There will be not one trial, he says, but many, and when the juries will start acquitting his clients, the newspapers will not put those acquittals on the front page; there will be no headlines saying the conspiracy was a figment of the official imagination, because the media-mill never writes that. So while the attorney is confident that the trials will clear his clients of the conspiracy charges, he knows, too, that Cecil Hicks and Neal Purcell will have won, their political and professional ladder-climbing will have been achieved.

I spent some days in Laguna Beach telling people in bookstores and head shops I wanted to talk to somebody who knew about the brotherhood and said I would safeguard the anonymity of my sources. I left behind my fancy ROLLING STONE business card, and was smirked at a lot. Because while I was promising to safeguard my sources, a reporter in New Jersey named Peter Bridge was in jail for not revealing his sources to a grand jury much like Orange County's.

A few days later I got a phone call saying if I was still interested, I could go to a place in Reno, Nevada, and in Reno I was directed back to California to the western shore of Lake Tahoe. I met a guy there I will call Valachi. Valachi is one of those indicted. He was arrested and let out on bond a week later and is now being sought on another warrant. He is alleged to be one of the honchos of the Brotherhood of Eternal Love.

Valachi is a pigeon-chested little guy with a recent haircut and a mustache he couldn't quite bring himself to sacrifice. "Well," Valachi said, his voice hesitant and quiet, "dig it: I went to high school in Hollywood and got into surfing and, just like everybody else, I wound up in Laguna. Things were happening then, opening up. The chicks were seeing things and there was a lot of grass and there was a vibe that you could make it with love and digging each other, stuff that's gotten pretty well wiped out now.

I'd go down to Laguna more and more and finally I just moved into a place in the canyon with some chicks and a couple other guys. It was cheap and it was fun. You know, the bond, the thing that tied us up together was surfing and dope and balling. We'd get up early in the morning, stay out in the sun all day, and somebody always had more grass, you know, whatever was right.

"Then this cat Farmer John started coming around—he was some weird dude, he'd been up North trapping—and he was really into acid. So we did a lot of acid, and dug it, and Farmer John was putting down a heavy brother-love rap and said since we all agreed that other religions were fucked, we ought to start our own, which was the Brotherhood of Eternal Love. We thought it was far out and I remember at the time, at the Mystic Arts, we actually got together and talked about the Brotherhood of Eternal Love. There were no papers or dues or anything, nobody cut their finger and passed the blood around, but whenever we saw somebody who was into dope and acid and surfing, we said there was one of our brothers. Farmer John went off to the ranch, and died—I never made it up there—but those of us who were still around Laguna still called each other brother.

"So when the hassling really started to get bad, we sat around one night and somebody said: 'Well, we got to

cool this motherfucker.' You know, slow him down. Somebody came up with the idea of sending him a note that said: THE BROTHERHOOD IS WATCHING YOU. We laughed when we wrote the thing out. I mean, we didn't really write it out, we did it just like they do it in the movies. We cut the letters out of headlines in the newspapers and mailed it to him. I remember we laughed because we were half-stoned and somebody said: 'Motherfuck, the guy's gonna think it's the mafia,' and see, we thought that was a *joke*.

"As time went by, a lot of people who were there originally strayed away to places that weren't as paranoid, and there were some guys who were still really into acid—most of us were getting bummed out by them—but these guys still were really into acid and brought back Farmer John's idea of the religion. So you had a lot of people walking around the beach saying they were Brothers of Eternal Love because everybody had heard about it and you had a very few guys who had, like, formally organized this religion. There was no hassle, nobody really cared. I mean, the guys who were into the religion could call themselves brothers and the teenagers could call themselves brothers.

"When the bust came down, nobody could believe it. It wasn't only that a lot of us had never even met each other, it was the whole cockeyed nature of their lie: We didn't even have a commune down there, everybody was into his own trip, some guys were into their own scams, and we'd meet in the sun and lay a little dope on each other. So some of the guys you laid two or three joints on are named as your co-conspirators in this mafia.

"I'll tell you one thing for sure, though. After all this front-page bullshit and the whole media trip, there are going to be more kids walking around Laguna saying they're Brothers of Eternal Love than ever before. Maybe that's good, too. Maybe we really need a hippie mafia, to get together and fight cats like Purcell and to have the bread when you need bail. Maybe they gave everybody a good idea!"

Love Animals, Don't Eat Them is a health food bar on Coast Highway, one of the places the nark summit meeting referred to when it talked about dopers being vegetarians. These particular vegetarians were militant vegetarians who wanted to say something to the people of Laguna Beach about the practice of eating animals.

They got a camel and a rooster. They called the camel Boney Banana and the rooster Colonel Sanders. One fine morning they put Boney Banana and Colonel Sanders into a Cadillac limousine driven by a chauffeur and drove Boney and the Colonel to the place called Love Animals, Don't Eat Them.

They were fed nuthutter and raisins and banana sandwiches which they munched with relish. The cops came. Everybody got busted. The health department said it is illegal to serve a camel and a rooster unless you are serving camel and rooster cooked. Boney and Colonel Sanders were led away, as was the guy who fed them the sandwiches.

The next day, Sgt. Neal Purcell informed his police chief, the former Marine Corps provost marshal, that Love the Animals was a "known Brotherhood front." Boney Banana and Colonel Sanders had made their appearances just to drum up some dope business. The business was the sale of hashish oil. The oil was hidden in the banana sandwiches.

For the next week, a police intern wearing a shoulder-length wig toured Laguna's health bars buying banana sandwiches. The sandwiches were taken back to the police station, chopped up into little pieces, and chemically tested.

Alas, no hash oil was found.